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EVENINGS ABROAD.—No. IV.

SALVATOR ROSA,

(Concluded from page 317.)

It was now night, and Signor Pasquale, having first securely barred and bolted his dwelling, proceeded as was his custom to carry home the wretched little Pitichinaccio. The creature moaned the whole way, and lamented that it was not enough to sing itself phthisical with Capuzzi's arias, and burn its fingers cooking macaroni, but now it was employed on a service which brought it nothing but kicks and cuffs, which Marianna bestowed most liberally whenever it approached her. The old man comforted the miserable little animal as best he could—promised to supply it with sugar confections more liberally than he had hitherto done; and, when the creature ceased not to whine and lament, he even contracted to have made for him a neat little abbé's frock, from an old black plush waistcoat, which the dwarf had often contemplated with greedy eyes. It demanded moreover a peruke and a sword; and during the capitulation on that head they arrived in the via Bergognona, where Pitichinaccio dwelt, and as it happened, only four houses from Salvator's habitation.

The old man laid his charge carefully down, opened the hall door, and they ascended the narrow stairs, which resembled a miserable step-ladder. They were scarcely half way up when there was an alarming racket on the flight above; and they heard the fierce voice of a rude drunken ruffian, who was adjuring all the devils in hell to shew him the way from the accursed house. Pitichinaccio squeezed himself close to the wall, and invoked Capuzzi by all the saints to go foremost. But before Capuzzi had taken two steps, the fellow above rushed down stairs, carried Capuzzi before him like a whirlwind, and both were dashed through the open hall door far into the street. There they lay, Capuzzi beneath, the drunken man lying on him like a sack.—Capuzzi shrieked piteously for help, and at the moment two men came up, and after much exertion relieved Signor Pasquale from his burden; the drunken fellow, when set upon his legs, staggered away, cursing.

"Sanguine di Dio! What is the matter, Signor Pasquale?—how come you here at this time of night?—what has happened you in that house?" Thus did Salvator and Antonio question him—for it was they who had come to his assistance.

"My end is come," groaned Capuzzi. "That hell-hound has shattered all my limbs; I shall never move again."

"Let me see," said Antonio, feeling him all over the body, and with that he gave his right foot such a wrench, that Capuzzi shrieked aloud. "Heaven and all the saints!" cried Antonio, as if terrified; "your right leg is broken in the most dangerous place; if you have not speedy aid you are dead in three days, or at the least, lame for life."

Capuzzi uttered a fearful howl. "Be calm, esteemed Signor," continued Antonio; "although I am now a painter, I have not forgotten my former skill in the healing art; we shall carry you to Salvator's house, and I will bind up your leg."

"My excellent Signor Antonio," whimpered Capuzzi, "you are my enemy—I know it—but——"

"Ah!" said Salvator, interrupting him, "we must not now speak of enmity; you are in danger, and that is sufficient to make the honor—"

able Antonio exert himself to assist you.—Raise him up, friend Antonio.”

They carefully lifted up the old man, who cried out from the incredible agony of his broken leg, and carried him to Salvator’s house.

Signora Caterina assured them that she had foreboded some misfortune, and had therefore remained up. When she saw the old man, and heard of his disaster, she reproached him most virulently. “I know well, Signor Pasquale, whom you were bringing home! You will not have a woman to attend your niece Marianna, and shamefully and godlessly misuse the poor Pitichinaccio—thrusting him into woman’s clothes. But you see, ogni carne ha il suo osso, every flesh has its own bone! If you have a maiden in your house, you must have a waiting maid. Fate il passo secondo la gamba, fit the shoe to the foot that wears it; ask from Marianna no more nor less than is right; shut her not up, as if your house were a gaol; asino punto convien che tratti, he who is journeying must away. You are a hard-hearted man, in love and jealous in your old age. You must pardon what I say; but chi ha nel petto fiele, non puo sputare miele, when the heart is full, the tongue will speak! Now, if you don’t die of your broken leg, as is likely from your great age, this will be a warning to you to give your niece her freedom, and marry her to a handsome young man whom I could name.”

Thus volubly did she run on, while Salvator and Antonio undressed the old man and laid him softly and tenderly on the bed. Signora Caterina’s words pierced like daggers through his breast; but when he was about to interrupt her, Antonio told him that speaking was dangerous, and so he was compelled to swallow his gall in silence. Salvator at length sent Caterina to get iced water, as Antonio had directed.

Salvator and Antonio found that the fellow, whom they had placed in Pitichinaccio’s house, had done his part to admiration. Capuzzi had sustained no injury beyond a few blue bruises; Antonio, however, bandaged the old man’s right foot, so that he could not move it, and moreover wrapped it and his head in cloths wet with iced water, to allay, as they told him, the fearful inflammation and fever to which they attributed the cold shiverings with which he trembled all over, and which were really caused by the icy cloths.

“My good Signor Antonio,” he groaned softly, “tell me is it all over with me—must I die?”

“Be of good cheer, Signor Pasquale,” answered Antonio, “as you have stood the first bandage without fainting, the danger of immediate death seems over: we may, no doubt, have to cut off the leg, or it may mortify, or you may be a cripple; but if you continue constantly under a skilful eye, that will not leave you day or night, you may escape these dangers.”

“Ah, Antonio!” whimpered Capuzzi, “you know how dear you are to me!—how I esteem your talent!—Leave me not, I entreat you—give me your hand—so!—my dear, dear son, you will not leave me?”

“Though I am no longer a barber or a surgeon,” said Antonio, “yet, Signor Pasquale, for you I will make an exception, and I ask nothing but your friendship, and your confidence. You were a little harsh to me”——

“Speak not of it, dear Antonio,” lisped the old man—“speak not of it, I entreat; let all be forgotten, and forgiven.”

“Your niece,” continued Antonio, “will die of fright, if you remain

from home!—I think you will bear to be carried to your house when it is day-light; I shall then see that the bandages are right, prepare your bed, and tell your niece all that is necessary for your management."

The old man sighed deeply, shut his eyes, and remained a moment silent; then stretched out his hand to Antonio, drew him towards him, and said softly: "You have but jested about Marianna, my dear Signor; 'twas but a jest; such a merry thought as young people will have!"

"Think not of that, Signor Pasquale," answered Antonio. "'Tis true, I had an affection for your niece, but now it is all over. I must even openly avow my satisfaction at your having dismissed me so unceremoniously. I thought I was really in love with Marianna—but I now see I only regarded her as a model for my Magdalena; for, since my picture has been finished, I have become quite another man."

"Antonio, Antonio," cried the old man, "thou art a perfect angel; my comfort—my help—the salve of my life! since thou no longer lovest Marianna, all my sufferings have disappeared."

"In truth, Signor Pasquale," said Salvator, "if you were not known to be a sage and prudent man, who well knows what befits his advanced age, one might almost suspect that you were insane enough to be in love yourself, and with your own niece."

The old man shut his eyes, and groaned from the horrible pain which, he said, had suddenly returned with redoubled fury to his broken leg.

Morning was now breaking, and Antonio told Capuzzi that it was time to carry him to the *via Ripetta*. Signor Capuzzi answered with a hollow groan. Salvator and Antonio rolled him in a huge cloak, formerly worn by the husband of Caterina, who gave it to them for the purpose. Capuzzi implored them by all the saints to remove the villainous iced cloths which enveloped his bald head, and to put upon him his peruke, and hat and feathers. Antonio must also set his beard and moustache somewhat in order, lest Marianna might be too much shocked at his appearance.

Two porters stood with a bier before the house. Signora Caterina lent them some pillows, with which they packed the old man upon the bearer, and he was thus carried home, accompanied by Salvator and Antonio. When Marianna saw her uncle in such a woeful condition, she shrieked loudly; the tears gushed from her eyes. Without noticing her lover, she seized the old man's hand, pressed it to her lips, and deplored his dreadful mishap; so deep was the compassion of the sweet and artless maiden for her insane uncle, who martyred her with his fulsome love. But at the same time the innate craft of woman soon shewed itself;—a significant look from Salvator was enough to instruct her in all the bearings of the whole affair. She now first threw a stolen glance at Antonio, and a roguish smile broke through her tears. Salvator, notwithstanding the Magdalena, was astonished at her beauty, and doubly felt the necessity of rescuing her from Capuzzi, cost what it might.

Signor Pasquale forgot his misfortune, in his kind reception by his niece. He smiled, pursed his lips, till the moustache stood on end; and groaned and sighed, not from pain, but from pure excess of love.

Antonio, when Capuzzi was laid in bed, drew the bandages so tight, that he lay motionless as a log, and Salvator then departed, leaving the lovers to enjoy their happiness.

The old man lay buried in pillows; Antonio had, moreover, bound

an additional cloth round his head, so that he could not hear the whispering of the lovers, who, now fully unrestrained, gave themselves up to rapture, and vowed eternal fidelity, not forgetting modest embraces and kisses without number. The old man could not suspect what was going on, for every now and then Marianna made tender enquiries how he found himself, and even allowed him to press her soft white hand to his lips.

When the day advanced, Antonio hastened, as he said, to prepare what was necessary for Capuzzi, but in truth, to consider how he could bring him into a still more helpless state for a few hours longer, and to plot with Salvator what should then be done.

The next morning, however, he came to Salvator full of grief and dejection.

"How now," cried Salvator, "why thus hang your head?—what has happened to thee, thou beatified lover, who can see and adore his beloved one from morn till night?"

"Ah!" replied Antonio, "the game is up; the devil has shewn his cloven hoof; our deceit is brought to light, and we are at open war with Capuzzi."

"So much the better," said Salvator, "so much the better; but tell me then how it has happened."

"Only imagine, Salvator," began Antonio, "when after an absence of at most half an hour, I returned yesterday to the via Ripetta with all manner of decoctions and essences, I saw old Capuzzi standing at the street door, in full array, behind him were the pyramidal doctor, and the accursed sbirri, and between their legs moved something partly coloured, no doubt, the little abortion Pitichinaccio. When the old man saw me, he shook his fist, uttered the most furious curses, and swore he would grind me to powder. 'Away to hell, thou infamous deceiver,' he yelled, 'with the craft of the incarnate Satan wouldst thou have misled the poor Marianna—but wait!—my last ducat will I spend to have you assassinated—and your worthy friend, Signor Salvator, the robber, who has cheated the gallows, he shall to hell with his captain Mass' Aniello; he shall soon be on the way; that will cost me but little trouble.'

"Thus the old man raged, and as the sbirri, incited by the pyramidal doctor, prepared to attack me, and the crowd began to assemble, what was left me but to decamp with all speed? In my despair I could not go to you, I knew you would but jeer me—see, even now, you can hardly suppress your laughter!"

And in truth Salvator did laugh heartily: "Now indeed, friend Antonio," he cried, "the business is in excellent train, but I must inform you accurately how things went on in Capuzzi's house during your absence. You were scarcely gone, when Signor Splendiano Accoramboni, who had heard, God knows how, that his bosom friend Capuzzi had broken his right leg, entered with all solemnity, bringing a barber with him; your bandages, the whole treatment of the patient, at once excited suspicion; and on inspection they found, what we well knew, that not the smallest bone was displaced, much less broken—you can divine the rest without extraordinary penetration."

"But tell me," said Antonio, in amazement, "how have you heard all this? How can you know all that passes in Capuzzi's house?"

"I have told you," replied Salvator, "that an acquaintance of Signora Caterina inhabits the same floor as Capuzzi; she has a daughter called Rosa, who is often visited by our little Margarita, and as girls find out

each other by instinct, Rosa discovered a little hole in the partition of the store room which is next a dark chamber that is off Marianna's bed room. Neither the whispers of the girls, nor the hole in the wainscot escaped Marianna's attention, and thus was a communication established between them. During the old man's siesta the girls chattered to their hearts content. I had instructed Margarita to find out every thing that passed in Capuzzi's; and the reason I laughed was, that I had comfort for you, and because things are in the most favourable condition possible. I have the happiest information for you—hear then how all happened. The manner in which Marianna received her uncle, when we brought him home, has turned the old man's head; he imagines in his folly, that Marianna hates you, and has given half her heart, at least, to him, while she, since imbibing the poison of your kisses, is half a dozen years older in deceit, craft, and cunning. She has not only convinced the old man that she had no part in our scheme, but that she will reject with abhorrence any of our attempts for an interview. The old man in the overflow of rapture promised to grant on the spot any request that she might make. Marianna, all moderation, has only desired, that the *zio carissimo* should bring her to Signor Formica's theatre, outside the Porta del Popolo. Capuzzi had some doubts; he counselled with the pyramidal doctor and Pitichinaccio, and it was at length determined that they should all proceed with Marianna to the theatre to-morrow evening; Pitichinaccio shall accompany them arrayed as a matron, and to this he was induced by the promise of a peruke in addition to the black plush waistcoat, and on condition that Cappuzzi and the pyramidal doctor carried him home, each in turn. The thing is now resolved, and to-morrow the extraordinary trio will appear with the lovely Marianna in the theatre of Signor Formica.

But we must tell who this Signor Formica was.

Nothing can be more deplorable than the carnival at Rome, when the *impressarii* have been unfortunate in the choice of their compositore, when the *primo tenore* has left his voice on the way in the Argentina, when the *primo uomo de Donna* suffers from the snuffles in the Teatro Valle; in short, when the Romans are disappointed in their long anticipated enjoyment, and the *giovedì grosso* at once cuts short every remaining hope. Just after such a dismal carnival—the fasts were barely ended; a certain Nicolo Musso opened a theatre outside the Porta del Popolo, at which nothing was to be represented but little improvisatore buffonades. The advertisement was written in a clever and humorous style, and the Romans would have been thence prejudiced in favour of the undertaking, independently of their eagerness for the most trivial dramatic entertainment. The arrangement of the theatre did not say much for the wealth of the proprietor; there were neither boxes nor an orchestra, in place of which a gallery was erected behind, on which were seen the armorial bearings of Count Colonna, which shewed that the count had taken Nicolo Musso under his especial protection. The stage was merely an elevation hung with tapestry, round which were placed some painted slides, which represented land, sea, forest, street, &c. as the scene required. As the audience also must be content to sit on hard inconvenient wooden forms, there were loud outcries against Signor Musso, who dignified such a miserable booth with the name of a theatre. Scarcely, however, had the first two actors spoken a few words, when the audience became attentive; in a short time their attention became applause, the applause amounted to admiration, the

admiration passed to vehement enthusiasm, which was testified by the most continued immoderate laughter clapping, and cheering.

In effect nothing could be more perfect than these improvvisatore pieces of Nicolo Musso, which sparkled with wit, humor, and intellect, and lashed severely the follies of the day. Each actor supported his character with the most matchless truth and keeping; but above all, the Pasquarello was admired for his inimitable gesticulation, for his power of imitating the voice, figure, and motions of well known persons, so as to produce the most perfect deception; for his inexhaustible wit, and for the happy readiness and quick transitions of his ideas.

It was Signor Formica who played the part of Pasquarello, he appeared to be a man of strange and singular energy; there was often a something in his tone and manner, which, in the midst of their wildest merriment, made the spectators thrill with a sudden shudder. The doctor Graziano was his worthy supporter, who was gifted with a voice, an action, and a talent to utter the most brilliant sallies with unaffected carelessness, such as could be rarely equalled. The part of doctor Graziano was played by an old Bolognese, named Maria Aglia. In a short time all Rome poured incessantly to Nicolo Musso's little theatre before the Porto del Popolo; Formica's name was in every body's mouth; in the streets, as well as in the theatre, they cried, "Oh Formica!—Formica benedetto!—oh Formicissimo!"—Formica was considered as something superhuman, and many an old woman who was convulsed with laughter in the theatre, became at once grave, if any one found the smallest fault with Formica's acting, and said with solemnity, "Scherza coi fanti e lascia star santi!"—the cause of this might be, that Signor Formica was an inscrutable mystery when off the stage. He was never seen; all efforts to discover him were vain; Nicolo Musso when asked about him was silent and reserved.

Such was the theatre which Marianna was about to visit. "We shall attack the enemy openly," said Salvator; "when they are returning from the theatre to the city will be the best time to make the assault."

He now proposed a plan, which though adventurous in the extreme, was gladly adopted by Antonio, the more particularly as Salvator especially insisted on chastising the pyramidal doctor.

In the evening Salvator and Antonio took their guitars, went to the via Ripetta, and solely to enrage Capuzzi, gave Marianna one of the sweetest serenades which man could play or woman hear; Salvator played and sung in the most masterly style, and Antonio was a tenor almost equal to Odoardo Cecarelli. Signor Capuzzi appeared on the balcony, and hurled a volley of abuse upon them; but the neighbours shouted at him to be silent, and not to drive all good music from the street, while he and his companions yelled like so many evil spirits; he might stop his ears if he would not listen; and thus Signor Pasquale must endure to his pain that Salvator and Antonio, the whole night through, sang, now the most delicious tender airs, now songs mocking the doating folly of an enamoured old man. They saw Marianna at the window, and Pasquale in vain entreating her, in the most endearing terms, not to expose herself to the night air.

Next evening the most extraordinary party that could be imagined was seen passing down the via Ripetta. All eyes were fixed on them, and it was asked whether the carnival had still left some lingering masks behind. Signor Pasquale in his well brushed variegated Spanish habit, a new yellow feather waving proudly in his hat, he himself all elegance

and grace, walked gingerly as if on eggs, in his tight shoes; on his arm hung Marianna quite concealed with a veil; beside him walked Signor Splendiano Accoramboni, his huge peruke covering his whole back, so that from behind he looked like a monstrous head moving on two little feet; close behind Marianna, almost clinging to her, crept the abortive abomination, Pitichinaccio, arrayed in flame-coloured female clothing, his head covered with artificial flowers.

Signor Formica excelled himself this evening, and, what he had never done before, introduced several arias in the style of various well known singers. The dramatic fury of Capuzzi, which in his early years had verged towards insanity, was re-awakened. He kissed Marianna's hand, swore to revisit the theatre with her every evening, praised Formica above the stars, and joined outrageously in the acclamation. Signor Splendiano was less satisfied; he begged Capuzzi and Marianna not to laugh so immoderately, and named twenty diseases in a breath, which might arise from undue agitation of the spleen. Pitichinaccio was unhappy in the extreme, he sat behind the pyramidal doctor, and was quite shadowed by the great peruke; he saw neither stage nor actors, and was moreover, tormented by two mischievous women who sat beside him; they called him sweet little signora, and asked whether, despite his extreme youth, he was married and had children, who they protested must be angels. The drops of cold sweat poured from his forehead, he whimpered and whined, and cursed his miserable existence.

When the play was ended, Signor Pasquale waited until the audience had departed, and just before the last light was extinguished, Signor Splendiano lighted a remnant of wax candle, and the party wended their way, slowly and carefully towards the city.

Pitichinaccio wept; Capuzzi, to his torment, had to carry him on his left arm, with the right he supported Marianna; Splendiano led the way, his candle burning pitifully enough, just enabling them to see better the pitchy darkness of the night.

When about half way to the Porta del Popolo they were suddenly surrounded by a number of tall figures wrapped in black mantles. The candle was struck from the doctor's hand—he and Capuzzi stood motionless with terror, suddenly a dull red glare surrounded the figures, and four pallid death-like faces gazed on the doctor with hollow glassy eyes. "Woe to thee—woe—woe to thee Splendiano Accoramboni," howled the frightful spectres in hollow deep sepulchral tones; then one spoke: "Knowest thou me, Splendiano? I am Cordio the French painter, whom thou didst last week poison with thy deadly drugs!" Then a second: "Knowest thou me, Splendiano? I am Küfner, the German painter, whom thou hast despatched with thy hellish drenches!" The third: "Knowest thou me, Splendiano? I am Siers, the Flemish painter, whom thou destroyedst with thy infernal pills and potions, and then cheated my brother of the pictures." Then the fourth: "Knowest thou me, Splendiano? I am Chigi, the Neapolitan, whom thou broughtest to the grave with thy damnable powders!" Then all four yelled together: "Woe—woe—woe to thee, Splendiano Accoramboni, accursed pyramidal doctor!—thou must away—down, down beneath the earth—away, away!"—and with that they rushed upon the terror-struck and despairing doctor, and carried him away like a whirlwind.

Capuzzi was overcome with horror, but he recovered himself wonderfully when he saw that it was only his friend Accoramboni who

was in the scrape. Pitichinaccio had buried his head, artificial flowers and all, beneath Capuzzi's cloak, and clung so tightly to his neck, that all efforts to shake him off proved fruitless.

When the doctor and the ghosts had disappeared, Capuzzi exhorted Marianna to fear nothing; "Come to me, my darling, my sweet dove, there is an end of my worthy friend Splendiano; Saint Bernardo, who was himself a skilful doctor and helped many to glory, may assist him, if the revengeful painters, whom he sent too quickly to the pyramid, break his neck! Who will now sing the bass of my canzonets? and the wretch Pitichinaccio squeezes my throat so tightly, that, what with my fright at Splendiano's translation, I shall not be able to bring out a clear tone these sixweeks! But be not afraid, my dear Marianna! my sweet love!—it is all over."

But just as Signor Capuzzi was about to proceed, four horrible apparitions, in red cloaks, and horned like devils, rose as from the earth, and howled—"Capuzzi—old fool—Capuzzi—we are the love devils, and come to bring thee to hell with thy comrade Pitichinaccio!"—then yelling, they fell on the old man, who with Pitichinaccio tumbled on the earth, both screaming in the agony of desperation—Marianna sprang aside, and found herself softly embraced by one of the demons, who whispered tenderly, "My Marianna, thou art mine at length, let us fly together, while my friends carry off the old man."

But on the instant, they were surrounded by the glare of torches and Antonio was stabbed from behind. He turned like lightning, drew his sword, and ran his opponent through, just as he was about to stab him again. He saw his three friends engaged with a number of sbirri, succeeded in disarming a second antagonist and joined his companions; but the numbers were too unequal, the sbirri must have conquered, had not two men with a loud shout joined the youths; the combat was now soon decided; some of the sbirri lay wounded on the field of battle, the rest took to flight.

Salvator and Antonio had forgotten one person, and he it was, who had balked their hopes. Michele the ex-sbirro, who lived in Capuzzi's house, had followed them to and from the theatre, but at a distance, as Capuzzi was ashamed of his shabby appearance. When the ghosts appeared, Michele, who feared neither death nor devil, saw how things stood, ran to the Porto del Popolo, gave the alarm, and returned with a crowd of sbirri, just as Capuzzi was about to be borne away by the devils, as Splendiano had been by the ghosts.

In the heat of the fight one of the young painters had seen a fellow seize the fainting Marianna, and run with her towards the Porta del Popolo, and Capuzzi followed them with incredible agility; something hung from his cloak, and screamed; this no doubt was Pitichinaccio.

Next morning doctor Splendiano was found at the pyramid of Cestus, rolled up like a ball, and buried fast asleep in his peruke: when awakened, he roared, and could hardly be persuaded that he was alive and in Rome. At length, when brought home, he threw his essences, powders, decoctions, and pills out of the window, burned his recipes, and, thankful for his escape, vowed to the virgin and numberless saints, that he would abjure medicine for ever.

Next morning Antonio was all desperation; he proposed a thousand plans, each more wild and hazardous than the former; Salvator comforted him, promised him speedy success, and at length told him that Signor Formica had engaged to assist him.

"Signor Formica," said Antonio, almost contemptuously, "how can that buffoon assist us?"

"Hoho," cried Salvator, "have respect for Signor Formica, I beg of you!—know you not that Signor Formica is a magician, who in secret cultivates the hidden arts—I tell you Signor Formica will assist you. You shall carry off Marianna from Nicolo Musso's theatre."

"Salvator," said Antonio, "you but flatter me with vain hopes; how is it possible to induce Capuzzi to visit the theatre again."

"That will be much more easy than you think, for the difficulty is to get him there without his associates; but do you forewarn Marianna, and arrange to fly with her from Rome. You must go to Florence, your reputation has gone before you, I shall care for whatever else is necessary for your success. Once more then, Antonio, take courage, Formica will help you."

Nearly a week had now elapsed, when one day Michele announced to Signor Pasquale, that a signor wished to speak with him.

"Rascal," cried Capuzzi, "do you not know, that I never see any one in my own house?"

Michele said, "the signor was a stately looking man, advanced in years, and called himself Nicolo Musso."

"Nicolo Musso," said Capuzzi, thoughtfully, "he who has the theatre outside the Porto del Popolo, what can he want?" He then locked the door carefully and went down with Michele, to speak with Nicolo in the street.

"Most excellent Signor Pasquale," said Nicolo, saluting him courteously, "how rejoiced am I, that you honour me with your acquaintance, you do not know how much I am indebted to you!—my receipts have been doubled since the Romans have seen at my theatre a man of such approved taste, of such extraordinary knowledge. I was deeply grieved when I heard of the scandalous attack made upon you when returning from the theatre, but do not therefore, I entreat of you, withdraw your patronage and protection from me!"

"Most worthy Signor Nicolo," answered the old man, smiling, "be assured I have never found more pleasure than at your theatre; but yet the fright, which almost killed me, was too great; open your theatre on the Piazza del Popolo, in the via Balconi, in the via Ripetta, then I will not miss a single night, but no earthly power will make me pass the Porta del Popolo again after dark."

Nicolo sighed as if in the deepest grief: "that is unfortunate for me Signor Capuzzi," he said, "more so than you perhaps imagine—ah—I had placed all my hopes in you!—I was going to entreat your assistance!"—

"My assistance, Signor Nicolo?" asked the old man, in astonishment, "how could I assist you?"

"Most excellent Signor Pasquale," answered Nicolo, rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief, "you have observed that my actors introduce songs here and there; I intended gradually to carry that farther, to form an orchestra—in short, notwithstanding the prohibition, to introduce the opera. You, Signor Capuzzi, are the first composer in Italy, and it is almost incredible that some of your pieces should not be on the stage. Signor Pasquale, I was about to beg for some of your immortal compositions, to bring them out at my unworthy theatre."

"Most worthy Signor Nicolo," said the old man, his face all sunshine, "why do we speak here in the open street?—be pleased to walk up stairs, if you will so far honour my humble abode."

Scarcely had Nicolo entered the room, when the old man produced a pile of dusty music, and, guitar in hand, commenced the frightful yell which he called singing:

Nicolo demeaned himself like one in a phrenzy of delight—he sighed—he groaned—cried every now and then: “bravo!—bravissimo!—benedettissimo Capuzzi;” ’till at length, as if overpowered with ecstasy, he fell at the old man’s feet, and clasping his knees, squeezed them so tightly, that Capuzzi started up, and shouting from pain, cried out: “holy Virgin!—let me go, Signor Nicolo Musso—death and the devil, sir, what do you mean?”

“Never, Signor Pasquale, never will I rise, ’till you promise me those heavenly arias; to-morrow evening Formica shall sing them in my theatre.”

“You are a man of taste,” groaned Capuzzi, “a man of sound knowledge and discernment!—to whom could I better trust my compositions than to you? You shall take my arias with you; but let me go! oh heaven, I shall not hear my divine masterpieces! but open your grasp and let me go, Signor Nicolo.”

“No, cried Nicolo,” clasping the old man’s spindle shanks still tighter, “I shall remain ever at thy feet, ’till you pledge me your word to come to my theatre to-morrow night:—fear not a new attack! do you not think that the Romans, when they have heard your heavenly arias, will carry you in triumph with a hundred torches to your house?—But even if that were not the case, I myself and my faithful comrades will arm ourselves and guard you home.”

“You and your comrades?” asked Pasquale, “How many of you may there be?”

“Eight or ten persons stand at your command, Signor Pasquale! hear my entreaties, do, do consent.”

“Formica,” lisped Pasquale, “has a delicious voice!—oh how he will sing my arias!”—

Nicolo squeezed his legs yet tighter, and repeated his entreaties.—“You will engage,” said the old man, “that I come back unharmed to my house.”

“I pledge my life and honour,” cried Nicolo, crushing his sharp legs almost to mummy.

“Well then,” cried the old man, “to-morrow night I go.”

Nicolo sprang up and pressed Capuzzi to his breast, till he gasped for breath.

Marianna entered the room at this instant. Signor Pasquale threw an angry look at her; but she advanced straight to Nicolo, and said in a passionate tone: “you wish, signor, to entice my dear uncle to your unlucky theatre!—you forget the attempt of those accursed wretches on my uncle and his worthy friend Accoramboni! never will I allow my dear, dear uncle to be again exposed to such danger.”

Signor Pasquale stood at first thunderstruck. He then fondled his niece, uttered unmeaning expressions of delight, and at length explained with great prolixity, how measures were taken to avoid all danger.

“And yet,” said Marianna, “I must entreat you not to venture.—Pardon me, Signor Nicolo, I must even in your presence avow my suspicions; you are, I know, a friend of Salvator Rosa, and also of Antonio Scacciati; how then if you were in league with our enemies to deceive my dear uncle, who, I know, will not go to your theatre without me, that you may more securely execute your accursed plans?”

"What a frightful suspicion!" cried Nicolo. "Have I then such a character? could I be guilty of such treachery? But if, signora, you think so badly of me, let Michele, and a party of sbirri wait for you at the theatre, for it were unreasonable to expect me to fill the inside of the house with sbirri."

Marianna thought a moment and then said solemnly—"Michele and the sbirri shall accompany us. I now see, signor, you mean honourably; pardon my unjust suspicions; but even yet, I could almost beg my dear uncle not to expose himself to even the chance of danger."

Signor Pasquale could contain himself no longer; he fell at Marianna's feet, kissed her hand, wept, uttered a thousand extravagancies, and ended by imploring her to go and hear the divine arias of the god-like composer, even himself.

Nicolo also did not spare entreaties, and at last Marianna consented to accompany her beloved uncle to the theatre.—Signor Pasquale was transported to the seventh heaven. He was convinced of Marianna's love; he hoped to hear his music on the stage, and to reap the laurels he had so long sought in vain; he was on the point of seeing his sweetest dreams realized.—But he must let his light shine also before his trusty friends; Signor Splendiano and Pitichinaccio must accompany them as before.

But Splendiano had not fully recovered from his fright, though he knew he had been maltreated by mortal men, nevertheless he seemed to think that the devil had had a finger in the pie at least, if not a whole hand; he was tormented too with evil dreams, was mournful and gloomy, and at night trembled for fear of ghosts and apparitions.

As for Pitichinaccio, he could not be persuaded but that he and Pasquale had been attacked by veritable devils, and he screamed if but reminded of the fatal night. All the assurances of Pasquale that Antonio and Salvator had played the part of the devils, were in vain. Pitichinaccio asseverated with tears, that notwithstanding his agony and horror, he had recognised the voice of the devil Fanfarell, who had pinched his belly all over black and blue.

We may imagine the difficulties Pasquale encountered in persuading them to accompany him. Splendiano would not consent until he had obtained a holy Bisam-bag from a Bernardine monk, the smell of which no ghost or devil could abide; Pitichinaccio could not resist a large box of sugar plums, but he expressly stipulated that in place of a female dress he should wear his new abbé's habit.

Thus what Salvator had feared seemed about to happen; and yet the success of his whole plan depended, he said, on Capuzzi's going to the theatre with Marianna without his trusty comrades. What was to be done? The time was too short to allow of any plot to disable Splendiano and Pitichinaccio, but fortune interfered, and did the thing ready to their hand.

That very evening, such a horrible yelling, such a fearful cursing, blaspheming, raging and uproar, arose all at once in the Via Ripetta, before Capuzzi's house, that the neighbours started horrified from their beds, and the sbirri, apprehending some dreadful assassination, hastened with torches to the spot. When they arrived however, with a crowd of persons, at the scene of the imagined murder, poor little Pitichinaccio lay senseless on the ground, Michele with a formidable cudgel smote the Pyramidal doctor, who fell just as they came up, and Signor Capuzzi had gathered himself from the earth, drawn his sword, and attacked Michele, uttering the most violent imprecations. Splinters

of shattered guitars lay all around. Pasquale was seized, Michele had been else infallibly massacred. When Michele saw now by the torches who was before him, he uttered a tremendous howl, tore his hair, and begged for grace and compassion. Neither the Pyramidal doctor, nor Pitichinaccio were seriously injured, but they were so bruised that they must be carried home, where they lay unable to move a limb.

Signor Pasquale had brought this misfortune upon himself.

Salvator and Antonio had repeated their serenade each successive night, which excited the inward wrath of Capuzzi to that degree that he resolved to put an end to it, and promised Michele two ducats if he fell upon the singers and cudgelled them to their hearts content. Michele forthwith procured a well-sized club, and stationed himself behind the door. But it happened, that Salvator and Antonio held it to be politic to abstain from their serenade for a few nights, to the end that Capuzzi might not think of his enemies, and go the more freely to the theatre. Marianna had happened to say, that much as she abhorred Salvator and Antonio she yet missed the music, which sounded so sweetly by night. Pasquale did not forget this, and resolved to surprise his darling with a serenade, which he composed expressly for the purpose, and practised most laboriously with his two friends. On the very night before his intended visit to the theatre, he slipped out privately with his confidants. Scarcely had they struck a chord on their guitars, when Michele issued forth, and smote the hapless musicians most pitilessly; what followed we already know. Splendiano and Pitichinaccio lay in bed covered with plaisters, their going to the theatre was out of the question; but Pasquale, though his shoulders ached a little, could not deny himself the promised pleasure of hearing his divine arias.

"Now all difficulty is removed," said Salvator to Antonio, "I already wish you joy as bridegroom of Capuzzi's beautiful niece,—and yet Antonio, I tremble when I think of your marriage!"

"What do you mean, Salvator?" said Antonio surprised and alarmed.

"Call it what you will, Antonio," answered Salvator, "caprice, folly, what you please; enough, I have loved myself, and yet when I thought of marriage even with her for whom I could have died, I was filled with suspicion, with an inward shudder. The inscrutable nature of woman mocks the art of man. Those whom we think the most utterly devoted to us, who have not one thought concealed within, are often the first to betray us, and in the sweetest kisses we imbibe the most mortal poison."

"And my Marianna?" cried Antonio confounded.

"Pardon me, Antonio," continued Salvator, "even your Marianna, all mildness and sweetness as she is, has but the more convinced me of the dangerously mysterious mind of woman!—remember how the unpractised girl behaved when we carried her uncle home, how at one glance from me she understood all, divined all, and played her part, as you yourself acknowledged, with the greatest art and readiness. But this is nothing to what happened on Nicolo Musso's visit to Capuzzi! The most practised skill, the most impenetrable craft of a worldly woman, could not have effected more, than the innocent little Marianna did to deceive her uncle. 'Tis true, deceit itself is meritorious against such a vile old fool, but yet—however, dear Antonio, mind not my foolish whims, but be happy with thy Marianna, so long at least as you can."

Had there been but a monk with Signor Pasquale, when he went with his niece to Nicolo Musso's theatre, one would have thought that

the strange looking pair were leading to execution. Michele armed to the teeth led the way, Pasquale and Marianna followed, surrounded by at least twenty *abirri*.

Nicolo received the old man at the entrance of the theatre with great solemnity, and led him to a seat reserved for him, close to the stage. Capuzzi, flattered by such a distinction, looked round him proudly, and was highly gratified at seeing that none but females sat near Marianna. Some violins and double basses were tuned behind the curtain, Capuzzi's heart palpitated with expectation, and he started as if electrified, when the *ritornello* of his aria began.

Formica entered as Pasquarello, and sang with the voice, and the action of Pasquale himself the most grievous and insufferable of all his arias! The theatre rang with outrageous laughter; the spectators shouted, "Ah Pasquale Capuzzi!—compositore, virtuoso celeberrimo, bravo!—bravissimo!"—the old man was in ecstasies, and suspected not the mockery. The aria was finished, doctor Graziano, personated this evening by Nicolo Musso himself, entered stopping his ears, and crying to Pasquarello to cease these hideous yells. He then asked when Pasquarello had taken to singing, and where he had heard such an infernal aria.

Pasquarello answered, "he knew not what the doctor meant, that he, like the Romans, had no taste for the really beautiful, and neglected the most extraordinary talents. The aria was by the greatest living composer and virtuoso, in whose service he was fortunate enough to be, and from whom he received instructions in singing."

Graziano now named a number of well-known composers, but at each celebrated name, Pasquarello shook his head contemptuously;—at length he said, the doctor but exposed his shameful ignorance, as he knew not the wonder of the age, Signor Pasquale Capuzzi, who had honoured him by taking him into his service.

Doctor Graziano burst into the most immoderate laughter; "What!" he cried, "after running from my service, where you were well fed and clothed, besides many a *quattrino* in your pocket, you have gone to the silliest, the most arrant of fools that ever was stuffed with *macaroni*, to that wretched idiot, to that vain niggardly miser, to that old enamoured dotard, who poisons the air of the *Via Ripetta* with the discordant braying which he calls singing."

Pasquarello waxed wroth: the doctor spoke thus from envy, he, Pasquarello spoke the truth, *parla con cuore in mano*. The doctor was not the man who should presume to judge Signor Pasquale Capuzzi di Senigaglia. The doctor himself had those faults for which he blamed the most excellent Signor Pasquale, *parla con cuore in mano*; he had himself seen, how more than six hundred persons laughed all at once at the doctor, and then Pasquarello pronounced an eulogium on his new master Pasquale, to whom he ascribed all manner of virtues, and concluded by describing his person as an epitome of beauty, proportion, and elegance.

"Excellent Formica," lisped Capuzzi, "blessed Formica, I see you will make my triumph complete, while you reproach the Romans for their envy and ingratitude, and tell them who and what I indeed am." "Here comes my master himself," cried Pasquarello, at the moment, and Signor Pasquale entered, so fully alike in face, figure, motion, and clothing, to the real Capuzzi, that he started in a fright, let go Marianna, whom he had tightly held 'till now, and felt himself all over to ascertain his own identity, or whether he was in a dream.

Capuzzi on the stage embraced doctor Graziano cordially, and enquired kindly after his welfare. The doctor replied, that his appetite was good, his sleep tranquil, but that his purse suffered from a confirmed consumption. Yesterday he had, in honour of his lady love, expended his last ducat for a pair of rose coloured stockings, and he was now going to his banker to endeavour to obtain a loan of thirty ducats!

"How could you," said Capuzzi, "pass by your best friend!—here, most worthy signor, here are fifty ducats; take them, I beg of you!"

"What art thou doing, Pasquale?" cried the Capuzzi below in an under tone.

Doctor Graziano now spoke of a bond of interest; but Signor Capuzzi declared that he would accept of neither from such a friend as the doctor.

"Art thou mad, Capuzzi?" cried the Pasquale below, still louder.

After many embraces doctor Graziano departed. Pasquarello then approached, made divers reverences, praised Signor Pasquale to the stars, said his purse suffered from the same malady as Graziano's, and begged him to apply the same sovereign remedy!—Capuzzi laughed, was rejoiced that Pasquarello understood how to take advantage of his good humour, and threw him a few ducats!

"Pasquale, thou art insane—possessed of devils," cried the Capuzzi below, so loud that the people called for silence.

Pasquarello exalted Capuzzi still higher, spoke of his arias, where-with he, Pasquarello, hoped to enchant the world. Capuzzi on the stage clapped Pasquarello on the back, said "that he could trust so faithful a servant with his secrets, that he knew nothing of music, and that the arias, of which he spoke, as well as all the arias he had ever composed, were stolen from Frescobaldi's canzonets, and from Carissimi's motets."

"Thou art a lying rascal!" shouted Capuzzi below, starting from his seat. Silence was again called, and a woman, who was next him, pulled him down upon the seat.

The Capuzzi on the stage said, "that it was now time to think of other more important things. He would give a great feast next day, and Pasquarello must be on the alert to provide every thing necessary. He produced a list of the most expensive articles; Pasquarello must mark the price of each item, as it was named, and receive the money on the spot."

"Pasquale!—madman!—fool!—spendthrift!" so cried Capuzzi below, and his wrath increased, as the expense of the most unmeaning of feasts mounted higher and higher.

When the list was ended, Pasquarello asked, "what induced him to give such a magnificent entertainment?"

"To-morrow," replied the personated Capuzzi, "will be the happiest day of my life; know, my good Pasquarello, that to-morrow I celebrate the bridal day of my dear niece Marianna. I give her to that worthy youth, that most excellent of artists, Antonio Scacciati."

The words were hardly uttered, when the real Capuzzi below, all fury, rage and desperation, sprang up, clenched his fists, and cried, or rather screamed: "Thou wilt not, thou wilt not, miserable wretch!—hound, wilt thou cheat thyself of thy Marianna?—wilt thou give her to that accursed villain—the sweet Marianna—thy life—thy hope—thine all?"

But Capuzzi above clenched his fists in like manner, and screamed in the same yelling voice: "May all the devils fly away with thee, thou detestable, insane Pasquale, thou abominable miser—old infatu-

ated fool—thou accursed ass—take care of thyself, lest I blow thee to hell, if thou cease not to render the honourable, good Pasquale, infamous by thy wicked detestable buffoonery.”

And now, whilst Capuzzi below uttered the most fearful blasphemies and curses, Capuzzi above related infamous stories of him, one after the other; at length he cried, “Dare now, to mar the happiness of those whom heaven has destined for each other.”

As he spoke, Marianna and Antonio appeared on the background of the theatre, embracing each other. Weak as the old man’s legs were, his wrath gave him agility and strength; he made but one spring upon the stage, drew his sword, and rushed at the supposed Antonio; he was seized; an officer of the pope’s guard held him, and addressed him gravely: “Remember yourself, Signor Pasquale, you are at Nicolo Musso’s theatre!—unintentionally you have played a most ridiculous part!—here you will find neither Antonio, nor Marianna.” The two actors, who had personated the parts, approached—the sword fell from Capuzzi’s hand, he awoke as from a dream, struck his forehead; the truth flashed upon him, and with a fearful cry, he called out, “Marianna!”

But Marianna was beyond his call; she and Antonio had long since joined the vetturino, who waited for them, and were already far on the road to Florence.

“Do you mean,” said the officer, “that young and beautiful maiden who sat next you? I saw her leave the theatre with a young man, when you began your ridiculous quarrel with the actor, who wore a mask that resembled you. Be pacified; if she be in Rome, she shall be sought for, and given up to you. But you, Signor Pasquale, must be arrested for your murderous attack on the life of that actor.”

Signor Pasquale, pale as death, unable to utter a word, was led away by the very sbirri who were to have protected him from masked devils and ghosts, and thus, on the very night when he hoped to attain the summit of his ambition and glory, was he precipitated into the sorrow and desperation of an old enamoured fool.

All on this earth is changeable, but what more so than the human heart; he who is venerated to day, will meet but bitter reproaches to morrow; the despised and trampled under foot, become in turn the honoured and adored!

Who in Rome did not deride and scorn the aged Pasquale Capuzzi, for his mean avarice, his foolish love, his insane jealousy—who did not wish freedom for the poor tortured Marianna? But now when Antonio had carried her off, scorn and contempt presently yielded to compassion for the old fool, who was seen with bowed head, wandering comfortless through the streets of Rome. Misfortunes are never solitary, and so it happened that Signor Pasquale lost his bosom friends shortly after Marianna’s flight. Little Pitichinaccio was choaked by an almond, which he incautiously attempted to swallow, while engaged in a cadenza; the renowned doctor Splendiano Accoramboni was suddenly cut off by an error in writing, of which he was himself guilty. Michele’s cudgel proved the exciting cause of a fever; he resolved to cure himself by a remedy which he had recently discovered, called for pen and paper, and by mistake unreasonably increased the dose of some strong substance. He had hardly swallowed the medicine, when he fell back a corpse, and thus by his own death worthily testified the efficacy of the last tincture which he ordered.

Salvator Rosa indeed, who was known to be the author of the plot

against Capuzzi, was the most severely blamed; his enemies, who were numerous, spared no pains to heap odium upon him, and they succeeded but too well in impeding the bold flight of his splendid genius. Picture after picture, gloriously designed, faultlessly executed, issued from his studio; but these self-styled connoisseurs shrugged their shoulders, found the mountains too blue, the trees too green, the figures now too long, now too short, blamed every thing that should not have been blamed, and strained every nerve to lessen his well-earned reputation. The academicians of San Luca, who had not forgotten the barber, went even farther than their own proper domain, as they criticised his poetry too and accused him of plagiarism. In place of the roomy studio, where he was formerly sought after by the most distinguished Romans, he remained with Signora Caterina, under the green fig tree, and in this very retirement he often found comfort and consolation.

But yet Salvator Rosa was deeply wounded by the envious malice of his enemies and his yet more treacherous friends; disappointment and sorrow preyed upon both mind and body. In this frame of feeling he executed two large pictures, which set all Rome in an uproar. He first represented the transientness of all things earthly; the chief figure was the mistress of a cardinal, who was depicted with all the characters of her infamous situation; on the second was seen fortune dispensing her favours: cardinals hats, mitres, gold, cordons, fell on the heads of bleating sheep, braying asses, chattering apes, and other despicable animals, while honourable men went about in tattered garments, seeking in vain for her slightest favours. Salvator had given rein to his embittered feelings, and every beast's head bore a striking resemblance to some distinguished person. We may suppose how the hatred of his enemies was prone and more excited.

Caterina warned him of his danger with tears in her eyes; she had remarked how every evening after dark, suspicious characters lurked about the house and seemed to watch all Salvator's motions. Salvator saw that it was time to leave Rome, and Signora Caterina and her two sweet daughters were the only persons in parting from whom he felt regret. He thought of the repeated invitations of the grand duke of Tuscany, and went to Florence. There he was richly recompensed for all the chagrin he had suffered at Rome, there he enjoyed the honor and fame which his talents merited; the presents of the grand duke, the ample prices he received for his pictures, soon enabled him to purchase a splendid house, and to live on a magnificent scale. He assembled around him the most celebrated poets and literati of the age; it suffices to say, that amongst them were Evangelista Toricelli, Valerio Chimentelli, Batista Ricciardi, Andrea Cavalcanti, Pietro Salvati, Filippo Apolloni, Volumnio Bandelli, Francesco Rovai. This re-union of poets and literati at Salvator Rosa's house, was then named the *Accademia de' Percossi*.

But Salvator's happiest hours were spent with his friend Antonio Scacciati, who with his Marianna trod the pleasing flowery paths of a successful artist's life. But yet Antonio declared that he had one wish, that he would willingly be reconciled with Capuzzi, even though he should surrender Marianna's fortune, which the old man had yet in his possession, for his profession more than supplied all his wants. Marianna also could often scarcely refrain from tears, when she thought that her father's brother would go to his grave without forgiving her; and thus Pasquale's enmity threw a shadow over their

happiness; Salvator consoled them, saying that time would cure far worse evils, and that chance might bring them into contact and reconciliation with the old man, with less danger than would be incurred by going to Rome.

Many months had elapsed, when Antonio, pale as death, rushed one day into Salvator's studio: "Salvator," he cried, "Salvator—my friend—my protector!—I am lost, if you help me not—Pasquale Capuzzi is here; he has obtained a warrant against me, as the seducer of his niece!"

"But," said Salvator, "what can Signor Pasquale now effect against you? Are you not bound to Marianna by the blessing of holy church?"

"Ah," answered Antonio, in despair, "that avails nothing!—the old man has, God knows how, found his way to the pope's nephew: be it as it may, the pope's nephew has taken him under his protection, and has almost promised that the holy father will annul our marriage, and grant Capuzzi himself a dispensation to wed his niece."

"Hold," cried Salvator, "I now understand it all; it is enmity against me that stirs the pope's nephew to this, for he, the rude, haughty, boorish clown, was amongst the figures in my picture on whom fortune was showering down her favours; he, like every one in Rome, well knows that I was your assistant in carrying off Marianna; that is reason sufficient to persecute you, for me they cannot reach—even if I loved you not, Antonio, as my best, my dearest friend, yet I should feel it my duty to assist you, for I am the cause of your misfortune—but by heaven I know not how to mar their plan."

Salvator now paced the room with folded arms, while Antonio sat motionless in the agony of despair.

At length Salvator stopped suddenly, and cried, laughing, "Hear me, Antonio; I can do nothing to oppose your powerful enemies, but there is one who can and will help you, and that is Signor Formica."

"Ah," sighed Antonio, "jest not with me, wretch that I am."

"What," cried Salvator, laughing loudly, "do you again doubt? I tell you, Signor Formica will help you in Florence as he did in Rome!—go in peace, comfort Marianna, and quietly wait the event. I hope you will be prepared to do immediately whatever is directed by Signor Formica, who most fortunately is now in Florence," Antonio promised joyfully, and a gleam of hope once more shone upon him.

Signor Pasquale Capuzzi was not a little astonished, on receiving a solemn and pompous invitation from the *Accademia de' Percossi*. "Ha," he cried, "it is in Florence that merit is esteemed; here the extraordinary talents of Signor Pasquale Capuzzi de Senigaglia are known and appreciated!" The thoughts of the honor shown to his knowledge and judgment of the fine arts overcame his repugnance to appear in an assembly at whose head stood Salvator Rosa. The state dress was brushed more carefully than ever, the shoes furnished with new rosettes, and Signor Pasquale appeared in Salvator's house as variegated as a jay. The splendor around him, even Salvator himself, who, richly clad, received him, inspired him with veneration, and as often happens with little minds, which are naturally pompous and haughty but sink before a master spirit, so was Capuzzi all humility and submission before the very Salvator Rosa whom at Rome he had defied and despised.

So much attention was paid to Signor Pasquale by every one, his opinion was so much looked up to, and submitted to so unconditionally, so much was said of his merit, and his rare talent for all the fine

arts, that he felt himself inspired, and spoke with more discretion than might have been expected; and as he had never drunk more generous wine, he soon forgot his sorrows, and the cause of his visit to Florence. The academicians were accustomed to amuse themselves in the evening with little dramas gotten up on the moment; and they requested Filippo Apolloni, the celebrated dramatic poet, who usually took part in them, to conclude this evening's festivity with a representation of the kind. Salvator retired immediately to order the necessary preparations.

In a short time a curtain was drawn at the further end of the apartment, and a small theatre, with some seats for the spectators, were seen.

"Holy Virgin," cried Pasquale, alarmed, "where am I?—there is Nicolo Musso's theatre!"

Without attending to his exclamation, Evangelista Toricelli and Andrea Cavalcanti, both grave men, of solemn imposing aspect, led him to a seat close to the stage, and sat down one on each side of him.

They were scarcely seated when Formica entered as Pasquarello.

"Accursed Formica," shouted Capuzzi, starting up, and threatening him with clenched fist—Toricelli's and Cavalcanti's stern grave countenances made him shrink back abashed and remain silent.

Pasquarello sobbed, wept, cursed his fate, which plunged him into distraction and despair, asseverated that he never hoped to laugh again, and in conclusion averred that he would cut his throat, could he but endure the sight of blood without fainting, or assuredly plunge into the Tiber were it not that the accursed water provoked him to swim.

Doctor Graziano now entered, and enquired of Pasquarello the cause of his sadness.

"What," said Pasquarello, "do you not know what has happened? Do you not know that an infamous libertine has carried off the beauteous Marianna, niece of my master Signor Pasquale Capuzzi di Senigaglia?"

"Ha," murmured Capuzzi, "I see, Signor Formica, you wish to excuse yourself to me, to seek my pardon—well, we shall see."

Doctor Graziano expressed his grief, and said "that the scoundrel must have been on the alert to escape Signor Capuzzi's pursuit."

"Hoho," replied Pasquarello, "do not imagine that Antonio Scacciati has succeeded in escaping the crafty and influential Signor Pasquale Capuzzi; Antonio is imprisoned, his marriage with Marianna annulled, and she is again under the protection of Signor Capuzzi."

"Has he her once more?" shouted Capuzzi, "has he her again—the good Pasquale, has he his dove, his Marianna?—Is the villain Antonio in gaol?—oh, blessed Formica!"

"You take," said Cavalcanti, gravely, "you take too lively an interest in the drama, Signor Pasquale; let the actors speak without thus interrupting them."

Signor Pasquale sat down in confusion.

Doctor Graziano enquired what had further happened?

"We have had a marriage," replied Pasquarello, "Marianna repented of her conduct, Signor Pasquale got the long wished for dispensation and married his niece!"

"Yes, yes," murmured Capuzzi, softly, while his eyes sparkled, "yes, beloved Formica, he marries the sweet Marianna. Oh, happy Pasquale! he knew it, the dove ever loved him, she was deceived by Satan."

"But then," said Doctor Graziano, "where is the cause of your sorrow and lamentation?"

Pasquarello began to sob and weep more violently than before, and at length he swooned away, overpowered with grief.

Doctor Graziano ran about in confusion, lamented the want of his smelling bottle, searched every pocket, and at length produced a roasted chesnut, held it under Pasquarello's nose, who forthwith recovered, sneezing violently; he then related how, immediately after her marriage, Marianna fell into the deepest melancholy, raved incessantly of Antonio, and regarded the old man with abhorrence and disgust, while he, blinded by doting uxoriousness and insane jealousy, incessantly martyred her with his folly. Pasquarello now related a number of the most egregious follies which it was said in Rome Capuzzi had actually committed; Signor Capuzzi sat on thorns, he muttered the most virulent abuse against Formica, and Toricelli and Cavalcanti could with difficulty restrain him.

Pasquarello ended by saying, that "Marianna had sunk under disappointed hopes, and died broken hearted like some early blighted flower."

As he spoke, a solemn *De Profundis* was heard, sung in hollow dismal tones, and men in long black cloaks appeared on the stage bearing an open coffin, in which was seen the corpse of the lovely Marianna, wrapped in white grave clothes. Signor Pasquale Capuzzi in the deepest mourning, followed, howling, beating his breast, and calling in desperation, "Marianna, oh Marianna!"

When Capuzzi below saw the corpse, he uttered a horrid yell, and the two Capuzzis, he above, and he below, howled and cried most piteously, "Oh Marianna, Marianna, wretch that I am! woe is me! oh woe!" The open coffin, the mourners around it, the dismal and awful *De Profundis*, the two comic masks, Pasquarello and doctor Graziano, who expressed their grief by the most ridiculous gestures, and the two despairing Capuzzis with their hideous screams, formed the strangest spectacle man could witness; but while all laughed outrageously, they could not suppress a painful feeling of awe and horror.

The theatre was now darkened, thunder rolled, the lightning flashed; a pale, spectral figure, rose from the yawning earth, it was Pietro, Capuzzi's dead brother, father of Marianna.

"Accursed Pasquale," shrieked the spectre, in a hoarse sepulchral voice, "where is my daughter,—where is Marianna? Despair, infamous assassin of my child!—in hell wilt thou find thy reward!"

Capuzzi on the stage fell as struck with lightning; at the same instant, Capuzzi below, dropped senseless from his seat. The curtain fell, the stage, the corpse, and the ghastly spectre of Pietro disappeared. Signor Pasquale Capuzzi lay in so deep a swoon, that he was revived with much difficulty.

At length he regained his senses, buried his face in his hands, and cried wildly, "Away, away Pietro;" he then burst into an agony of tears, and sobbed, "Marianna, Marianna."

"Recollect yourself, Signor Pasquale," said Cavalcanti, "it was but on the theatre you have seen your niece dead. She lives, she is here to implore your forgiveness for the step to which she was driven by love, and by your own unreasonable conduct."

Marianna, behind her Antonio Scacciati, now rushed from a side door, towards the old man, who lay on the floor supported upon cushions. Marianna, glowing in the full blaze of her incomparable beauty, kissed his hand, wet it with her tears, and implored him to pardon her and Antonio, to whom she was united by the blessing of the church.

Capuzzi's pale face glowed, his eyes sparkled with rage, and he cried, half choked with fury : " Ha, wretch ! poisonous reptile, whom I have fostered in my bosom to work my own destruction ! "—The venerable Toricelli now stepped forward and addressed Capuzzi with solemn dignity. He told him that he had seen but a type of his own inevitable wretched fate, if he persevered in his unholy persecution of the hapless Marianna. He pictured in the most glowing colours, the folly, the wicked insanity of an enamoured dotard, who wilfully sought the most grievous affliction of the offended deity, in rejecting that happiness which he might enjoy, and courting the hatred and contempt of all who knew him. While he spoke, the heavenly Marianna cried in the most sweetly mournful and imploring voice : " O my uncle, I love and honour you as a father, but I die if you tear me from my Antonio ! " And all the poets who surrounded them, cried unanimously, it was unheard of that a man like Signor Pasquale Capuzzi di Senigaglia, devoted to the arts, himself a supereminent virtuoso, could reject a son-in-law such as Antonio Scacciati, esteemed throughout all Italy, and covered with reputation and glory.

'Twas plainly visible how strongly Capuzzi struggled with his better self. He sighed, he groaned, hid his face, and, whilst Toricelli declaimed, Marianna entreated, and the bystanders emulously vied in exalting Antonio Scacciati's merits as best they could, he glanced now at Marianna, now at Antonio, whose sumptuous clothing and rich decorations bore testimony to his rank and estimation as an artist.

The bitterness of anger vanished at length from Capuzzi's face ; he sprang up, clasped Marianna to his breast, and cried, " Yes, I pardon thee, beloved child ; I pardon thee Antonio !—The Virgin forbid that I should disturb your happiness. You are right, worthy Signor Toricelli ; Signor Formica has shewn the misery and destruction which awaited me, if I persevered in my madness. I am cured, quite cured of my folly ! But where is Signor Formica, where is my kind physician, that I may thank him for my cure, which he only has effected ; the horror, with which he inspired me has made me a new man—thanks to the blessed virgin and all the saints."

Pasquarello here stepped forward. Antonio fell upon his neck and cried, " O Signor Formica, to whom I owe my life, my happiness, throw off this mask ; let me see your face, let Formica be no longer a mystery to me."

Pasquarello removed the mask, so admirably devised that it answered to every gesture of his acting, and Formica was changed to ——— Salvator Rosa !

" Salvator ! " cried Marianna, Antonio and Capuzzi, in astonishment.

" Yes," said that surprising man, " it is Salvator Rosa, whom the Romans would not acknowledge either as painter or poet, and whom the same Romans, without knowing it, almost every night for more than a year, inspired on Nicolo Musso's pitiful theatre by the most unmeasured and noisy acclamation.—Salvator Formica it is, who has helped you, my Antonio."

" Salvator," said Capuzzi, " Salvator Rosa, though I have held you to be my worst enemy, yet I have ever honoured your splendid talents. Now I esteem you as my benefactor, I entreat your friendship, and offer you mine."

" Tell me Signor Pasquale," answered Salvator, " tell me how I can serve you, and be assured that I will strain every nerve to prove my devotion to your wishes."

The sugared smile, which had vanished since Marianna's elopement, once more dawned on Capuzzi's visage; while pressing Salvator's hand he softly lisped, "My worthy Signor Salvator, you are all powerful with the excellent Antonio; entreat him in my name to allow me to pass the short remnant of my days with him and my dear daughter Marianna, and to receive Marianna's patrimony from me, increased by a marriage portion worthy of her!—and he must not look askance, if I now and then kiss the sweet child's soft white hand, and—on Sunday at least, when I go to mass, he will not refuse to curl my moustaches, for no one on God's earth can do it with such grace as he."

Salvator could scarcely suppress his laughter; but before he could answer, Antonio and Marianna embraced the old man, and assured him "that they would only be convinced of his having really forgiven them, when he entered their house as their beloved father, never again to leave them." Antonio added "that he would curl the moustache after the most delicate fashion, not only on Sunday but every day in the week," and so the old man was lost in wonder and delight. Mean time, a costly banquet had been prepared, to which they all sat down in the most happy and delighted frame of mind.

And now, most dear and honoured reader, in parting with thee, from my heart I wish that the joy and gladness which inspired the lovers and their friends, may have also glowed in thy breast while perusing this story of Salvator Rosa, and that tranquillity and cheerfulness, the never-failing attendants of virtuous diligence and wedded love, may wait upon thy steps in all thine out-goings and incomings, as long as thy life endureth.

S O N N E T.

TO VENICE.

How gorgeous in thy Asiatic state
 Thou seem'st, sea-thron'd, thou Adriatic queen!
 Sitting by Eastern Europe's proudest gate,
 The Northern shade and orient pomp between.—
 —Proud-palaced city, grand though desolate,
 Thy moorish minarets and stately domes
 Are Southern-sunned, though everlasting hate
 Has rankling ragged between the sev'ral homes
 Whence come thy Christian palaces, thy halls
 Mahomedan—the Crescent's gift, or Rome's:
 And then the northern gloom that's flung like palls
 O'er gliding gondolas; as though quaint gnomes
 With Afric genii had together cast
 This Celtic-Moorish sea-land city vast.

G. K.